VVar. Captaine, conduct them into *Tuthill* fields.
Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your Sonne?
VVar. What good is this for England and himselfe?
Northum. Base, fearefull, and despairing *Henry.*
Clif. How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?
VVest. I cannot stay to heare these Articles. *Exit.*
Clif. Nor I: Come, cosen lets go tell the Queene.
Northum. Be thou a praie vnto the house of *Yorke,*
And die in bands for this vnkingly deed. *Exit.*
Clif. In dreadfull warre maist thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandond and despisde. *Exit*
Exet. They seeke reuenge, & therfore will not yeeld my L.
King. Ah *Exceter?*
VVar. Why should you sigh my Lord?
King. Not for my selfe Lord *VVarwicke,* but my Sonne,
Whom I vnnaturally shall disinherite.
But be it as it may: I heere intaile the Crowne
To thee and to thine heires, conditionally,
That heere thou take thine oath, to cease these ciuill broiles,
And whilst I liue, to honour me as thy King & Soueraigne.
Yor. That oath I willingly take and will performe.
VVar. Long liue King *Henry: Plantagenet* embrace him.
King. And long liue thou and all thy forward sonnes.
Yor. Now *Yorke* and *Lancaster* are reconcilde.
Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes,
Souud Trumpets.
Yor. My Lord Ile take my leaue, for ile to *Wakefield*
To my castell. *Exit Yorke,* and his sonnes.
War, And Ile keepe *London* with my Souldiers. *Exit.*
Norf. And Ile to Norfolke with my followers. *Exit.*
Mont. And I to sea from whence I came. *Exit.*
Enter the Queene and the Prince.
Exet. My Lord, heere comes the Queene, Ile steale away.
King. And so will I.
Queene. Nay staie, or else I follow thee.
King. Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ile staie.
Queene. What patience can there be? ah timerous man,
Thou hast vndoone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,
And

Yorke, and

And giuen ouer rightes
Art thou a King, and wi
Had I been there, the So
Me on their Launces p
Graunted to their wille
Protector of the Land:
Commaundes the narr
To sleepe secure? I hee
From thy bed, vntill thi
Be recalde, wherein tho
The Northen Lordes t
Will follow mine, if or
And spread they shall,
Come Sonne, lets awa
King. Stay gentle *M*
Queen. Thou hast sp
King. Gentle sonne
Quee. I, to be murd
Prin. When I retur
Ile see your Grace: till
King. Poore Queer
Makes her in furie thu
Reuenged may she b
Come cosen of *Exeter*
For *Clifford* and those
I feare towardes *Wak*

Enter Edward, a
Edw. Brother, and c
Rich. Nay, I can be
Mont. But I haue

Enter the
Yor. How now son
Rich. No father, bu
concernes your selfe
York. The Crow
And I haue sworne d